

Just a normal death

by Mokina

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Chapter 1

Harry Potter died at the age of seventeen.

He died at the Final Battle, as Voldemort aimed his wand at him and cast that deadly curse that had taken so many lives. He died to save his friends that were all still fighting at the Battle of Hogwarts. He died in a small clearing in a dark forest, while Voldemort was laughing madly, and Hagrid sobbing uncontrollably.

And at that moment, Harry was thoroughly ready to die.

But life had never been easy on Harry, so why would death be?

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Getting (re)born wasn't something Harry would call amazing.

The whole experience was uncomfortable and Harry hoped he never, ever had to do it again. He figured that babies cried so they would forget

their births, just because it was so disgusting, and horrifying, and _uncomfortable_. He envied all the babies that did forget their births, because he sure as hell never would.

After coming from the shock and realizing that yes, he was in a tiny little baby body, Harry had screamed. Loudly. It was horrifying and he couldn't do anything. He could only scream and cry as strong arms raised him and carried him away. The owner of the arms tried to call him down, talking calmly in some language that Harry later found out to be Italian.

Lambo, the man called him, _mio figlio_.

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The next months were so humiliating and traumatizing that Harry hoped he could pretend they never existed.

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Harry found out about mafia when he was two.

Really, it was a wonder it took him that long to put the pieces together.

I mean, his father always wore suits and always had a few men following him around and calling him _boss_, and the guns (cause who the hell actually carries guns at their own home?), and the fact that their house was a fricking _mansion_, _and_, for fucks sake, they were in _Italy_. And there was the fact that his 'classes' were way too advantaged for a baby. Harry had been tempted to just hit his head in the wall for a few hours, because he had been _so stupid_ and he should've _realized_ that there was absolutely _no way_ that Harry Potter could ever have a normal life. It was just like he had said, the trouble jut came looking for him.

But seriously, _mafia_? For all the families he could have gotten reborn into, it just have to be a family that had ties with mafia? And not just that, he was the son of the boss of the famiglia. So that basically meant there was no way he could stay uninvolved. They were already training him to be a Mafioso, even though he hadn't even turned three yet.

For a long while Harry thought about just running away, and trying to live a normal life. After some thought he decided against it because he was sure the trouble would find him anyways.

And if Harry was going to do this mafia-thingy, he was going to do it awesomely. He would become the best Mafioso ever. He was Lambo Bovino and there was nothing that would stop him.

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The Bovino's has always been a small famiglia. They have always been looked down on by the bigger famiglie, and treated horribly. It wasn't really that the Bovino's did everything wrong, they did created thei own fearsome weapons that were known through the mafia world. It was just that they put way too much money on said weapons. The Bovino Famiglia is the poorest of all famiglie, to the mafia standards. They only had one base where everything happened, unlike

the bigger famiglias who had bases all around the Italy, and even in other countries.

And while the Bovino famiglia's weapons were feared, the famiglia was way too small for them to use them for their benefit. Many underground famiglias and organizations have been interested in buying them, but they always declined. The Bovino famiglia were full of inventors and weapon specialists, who didn't want their work to be wasted on other famiglias. While the Bovino famiglia were small, they had pride in belonging in their famiglia, and believed in better future.

As Lambo Bovino was born, people started to feel a change coming.

As the years went on, they were astonished by the rate his intelligence grew.

By many, Lambo would be described as happy and intelligent, polite child. He would usually be seen with a book way too hard for a child his age to understand. He could speak fluently in four different languages, and learned everything in unbelievably fast rate. _Prodigy_, they called him, a child genius.

The Bovino famiglia was delighted and started teaching him anything they could. They were excited to see such an intelligent child, who could become a great asset to their famiglia. He was also their boss' son, which meant he could very well be their boss someday. In the hopes that this child could finally make the Bovino famiglia great, they started calling him the hope of the Bovino famiglia.

As they saw grow, some people started also feel a bit scared by the child. They had seen what the mafia world could do to a child, never less a genius child. They remembered the Estraneo famiglia's fall, and Rokudo Mukuro who was able to kill cold bloodedly while only being a young child. Sometimes they could see this look in Lambo's eyes that didn't belong to a child of his age. His eyes would get very tired and distant, and he could be seen just staring at nothing for hours. _Danger_, it screamed at them.

Lambo continued to grow in that unbelievable rate, and his famigla were at loss at what to do. Would Lambo Bovino make their famiglia great, or burn it to ground?

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As five years old, Lambo Bovino was known as a prodigy. Lambo himself didn't really like to think so, for he knew he had some unfair advantage for remembering his past life, but no one else knew about that.

Lambo's relationship with his father wasn't what you could call a father and son-relationship. His father was more like boss to him than a father, and as the years went by they saw less and less of each other.

His father was a silent, strong man, who always looked tired. He had elegant raven black hair that Lambo too had inherited, though his hair was more uncontrollable than elegant. His father had told him that he (again) had his mother's eyes that were emerald green. Harry was happy that his appearance hadn't changed that much, it would be

creepy to have a stranger staring at him from mirror.

Harry, now Lambo, had finally started to get comfortable with his new life, when his boss/father came to him with a mission that would change his life.

"Lambo, your mission is to assassinate Reborn"

I really dunno what happened, I just started writing this came out. I've not edited anything (or even really read it through) so it's probably pretty horrible. Now I'm just tired and for some reason want to publish it, so whatever. I'm pretty sure I'll edit it at some time later. I actually do have some ideas for this story, so I hope I get the motivation to continue it. But anyways, thanks for reading, and do leave a review and tell me what you think. Bye!

***I edited it a little, just explaining a bit more and trying to get it make more sense. Not sure if I succeeded. **

End
file.